

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THREE NINETEENS

By DORA MOLLAN.
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THE woman in the solid red satin kimono rested triple chins on upturned palms, pudgy elbows on the spotted crimson table cover. Directly in the center of the table, on a tripod, stood a crystal ball into which the woman gazed through eyes as opaque as jet beads. Opposite, huddled close together on a rickety plush settee, sat her audience, two grown-up children or very young ladies, as one might choose to call them—the man in the street would have chosen to call them "flappers."

In a deep, artificially bass voice which rumbled up from somewhere in the depths of the red kimono the crystal gazer spoke. The words came slowly:

"I see in the life of the slim one—"

Marie Fenton clutched at the hand of her plump companion.

"I see in the life of the slim one," repeated the oracle, "a bright light. It flares up suddenly, then burns steadily through the years. It is the love light. It comes the year the same number appears three times in the future of her whose life I see here depicted."

The fat sybil lifted her chins from their resting place, yawned expansively, then turned to her audience with a brisk business-like air. "A dollar apiece," she demanded, stretching out a hand decorated with many rings. This sudden metamorphosis of a prophetic, endowed with magical power to see around the curves of the long line of going-to-be, into a mere greedy money getter was disconcerting to the spellbound listeners. But they opened their handbags quickly and paid the fee.

"Of course she has to live," little Marie Fenton excused as they hurried down the dark stairway.

"Yes, I suppose so, and she looks as though she ate a lot, too," agreed her stouter companion. "But, oh, Marie! What she foretold for you is wonderful! What can she mean by the same number coming three times?"

"Why, that's easy enough to understand," replied Marie proudly. "I thought of it right off. I'll be nineteen in nineteen nineteen."

"Oh, how wonderful!" thrilled the chubby one.

Three years suffice to change many a flapper into a real young woman. Marie Fenton passed her nineteenth birthday early in January of nineteen nineteen. The months passed on. October came and still the bright light that had flared from the depths of the crystal ball to the eyes of the interpreter failed to illumine with its radiant life the life of Marie.

The summer's straw salotto had given place to fiery red tam. But still the latter was never pulled into place over Marie's left eyebrow as she set off for business in the morning without the accompanying hope that this might be the day of days.

Then it happened—when Marie least expected it.

There was a new purchasing agent. Marie was sent in to take dictation from him. He was tall and broad-shouldered—stunning, Marie thought, and he had that suave way with him that convinces one woman at a time that she is the only woman.

It convinced Marie to such an extent that the curves and dashes on the pad before her became alarmingly blurred.

Bring the letters to me just before five," into these few words Mr. Beers managed to condense volumes of meaning. That he loath to send Marie away; that five o'clock was a long way off; that he should await her return impatiently; and that when the longed-for hour arrived—well, somehow there was a vaguely romantic suggestion of a tryst.

Marie's fingers justified their automatic training that afternoon, for her thoughts went skyward down the long lane of the future, where someone tall and stunning walked by her side. When 4:45 came and she presented the letters for signature it caused her no surprise at all that Mr. Beers should suggest walking home with her.

Wasn't it all foreordained? Then, to it seemed perfectly natural and at the same time incredibly marvelous that the new purchasing agent should ask her to go to the movies that very evening. And some people said crystal gazing was all a huge fake!

As Marie closed the front door behind her and passed through to the kitchen where Mrs. Fenton was preparing the evening meal, something intangible prickled her bubble of elation. What was it that had filled her thoughts before that fateful moment when she had opened Mr. Beers' office? Her mother's greeting words brought it all back:

"Bob is much worse," she announced.

"Bob? Oh, yes, to be sure; Bob was sick—that was the truant thought. Bob Bryan, the grand boy of childhood and girlhood; funny, steady, true-blue old Bob, who would have let them cut off his right hand for her any time, she knew; and who had, always been—why, as much a part of life as mother herself!"

But how tiresome that Bob's illness should have to come right now when she wanted to show—only the high lights of happiness! Marie had never been in the habit of confiding her innermost thoughts in her mother, and now it would be impossible to make her understand.

"Well, I must confess that I never thought a daughter of mine could be so heartless—to go to a show with a stranger when her playmate and chum was dying, like enough. This new generation moves too rapidly for me!" Mrs. Fenton's tone was bitter.

But Marie went. Bob couldn't be in danger; it was unthinkable. And he would have been the last one to wish her to stay home.

The picture that night concerned the love adventures of a world-famous comedian. The audience rocked with mirth. But suddenly some awkward

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HOW TO HELP HIM PROPOSE

SYMPATHY IS THE FIRST AND LAST STEP TO LOVE, DECLARES EVELYN GREELEY, THE FILM STAR, WHO HAS MADE A SERIOUS STUDY OF THIS EVER INTERESTING SUBJECT.

By EVELYN GREELEY.

It has been said that "pity is akin to love"; and it might also be said that sympathy is akin to pity.

At any rate sympathy is the first and last step to love.

Sympathy, or fellow-feeling, is essential when YOUR man is of the type who likes to be "mothered."

This kind of lover is not necessarily a "sissy" at all; some of the strongest and most self-reliant of men need the "mother type" of woman. A man of this type wants to be sure that the girl he picks for his mate will be able to understand and sympathize with his tastes and aspirations. He wants to know that there is to be a conformity of natural temperament in the two persons concerned which makes them agreeable to one another, so that there will be harmony and accord in their relations as man and wife.

If you would help your lover propose to you and you have analyzed him and know him to be of this type, show him that YOU possess those qualities of mind and heart that he most desires in the woman he wants for a wife. Do not pretend sympathetic understanding if you have it not, but if you DO have it, SHOW HIM that you do. It is all he will need to bring him to a realization that YOU are the one woman in the world for him.

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Specially Posed by Evelyn Greeley.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920, by the N. E. A.)

Eager to Save Chrys, Bob and I Remain to Search for Her.

"God bless the lot of you! I thought you were all dead!" was Morrison's greeting. I knew him from the flavor of his language. Outwardly he seemed like a very dirty, swarthy, well-fell Mexican. "Let me count you," he continued.

"Mrs. Lorimer—and her husband—Gene Archer—and Jordan Spence. Your father is in the auto, Bob. An armored car it is, sir. If you are ready, we'll move on."

"Chrys?" I exclaimed.

"Now, Mrs. Lorimer, will you listen to reason. I can't hold this ranch for long, except by a miracle. And one miracle has happened already today. We looked at the detective in vast astonishment."

"The earthquake!" he said. "It stopped the fight! I thought we were getting on famous, when all of a sudden the enemy ceased firing, come from cover, and ran away from the house off into the back fields! I was too busy myself to notice the shake. At first I thought they had run out of bullets. The quake is over, I guess, still they don't come back."

I remembered Certeis' premonition and warning. After the first tremors were over he had insisted that the earthquake was coming. I told the story—and begged the men to take care of Certeis.

"Let his own people find him," said Morrison. "We got to vamoose."

"Can't you take him away as a prisoner?" ventured Archer.

"And why should I be doing that?" inquired Morrison. "No, gents, I ain't down here to get tangled up in international politics. I came to get you, and now I've got you, we'll vamoose, as I said."

"But—Chrys?" I repeated.

"If we stay to save the young lady, we'll all be in deep," explained the detective. "There's a line from this hacienda direct to the seat of this government. They wired for troops—and the troops is on the way. It ain't such a long way as I could wish, either."

man reminded Marie of Bob. Bob was a bit clumsy, too, in just that way.

And then, because of the subtle artistry of the actor, Marie saw in the woe-begone plight of the man of comedy the utter tragedy that the crowd missed. Bob would look like that—and it would all be black reality.

A great revulsion swept over the girl. On its verge she almost sprang to her feet, indifferent as to her companion's reception of her hurried excuses, and hastened out of the theatre and home.

Marie burst into the sitting room, out of breath. "Mother, how is Bob?" she cried.

"Goodness, girl! What are you doing home so soon?" Mrs. Fenton demanded.

"Bob is much worse," she announced.

"Bob? Oh, yes, to be sure; Bob was sick—that was the truant thought. Bob Bryan, the grand boy of childhood and girlhood; funny, steady, true-blue old Bob, who would have let them cut off his right hand for her any time, she knew; and who had, always been—why, as much a part of life as mother herself!"

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salmon to sauce and heat over hot water. Pour over toast. Pimentoes may be added or not. If used add with salmon. This will serve six or eight.

Heart Cakes—2 cups powdered sugar; ½ cup butter; 1 cup milk; 2½ cups flour; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 4 egg whites; 1 teaspoon vanilla; ¼ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour and baking powder together four or five times. Add alternately with milk to butter and sugar, adding four to prevent curdling. Beat whites till stiff and dry and fold into mixture. Add vanilla and salt. Bake in individual heart-shaped pans. Cover with red icing.

Icing—2 cups granulated sugar; ½ cup hot water; ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Make a fondant of the ingredients a few days before the cakes are to be frosted. The day before the cakes are to be dipped beat the white of one egg slightly, add two tablespoons of powdered sugar and cover the top and sides of the cakes with this mixture, putting it on with a brush. Let stand over night. Melt fondant over hot water, add a few drops of red vegetable coloring. This may be purchased in liquid or a cake. The liquid is easier to use for the inexperienced. Dip cake in the melted fondant to three-fourths in depth, putting it in top side down. Remove from fondant and put on an oiled paper to harden.

Raspberry Gelatine—3 cups canned raspberries; 1 cup sugar; 1 lemon; 1½ tablespoons gelatine; ¼ cup cold water; ¼ cup bananas; ½ cup Tokay grapes; ½ cup pineapple.

Rub raspberries through a fine sieve to remove seeds. Heat sugar and juice to the boiling point, being sure the sugar is well dissolved. Add lemon juice. Let gelatine stand in cold water for 10 minutes. Add boiling fruit juice, stirring till gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. When cool and beginning to set add fruit cut into small pieces and turn into a mold. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

MARY.

A HELPFUL HINT.

TOLEDO.—Here's a helpful hint for the lightfingered. Henry Cohen, jeweler, started home with three diamond rings in his pocket. On the street car his pocket was picked and at home he found this note: "Meet us in front of your store tomorrow at 6 a. m. and bring \$50. You can have the rings." He came and he brought and he got.

CAN'T DODGE 'EM.
"What's become of Private Dubb?" "He's a traveling salesman."
"Still taking orders, huh?"—Home Sector.

"A SPLENDID TONIC"

Says Hixson Lady Who, On Doctor's Advice, Took Cardui And Is Now Well.

Hixson, Tenn.—"About 10 years ago I was..." says Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of this place. "I suffered with a pain in my left side, could not sleep at night with this pain, always in the left side..."

My doctor told me to use Cardui. I took one bottle, which helped me and after my baby came, I was stronger and better, but the pain was still there.

I at first let it go, but began to get weak and in a run-down condition, so I decided to try some more Cardui, which I did.

This last Cardui which I took made me much better. In fact, cured me. It has been a number of years, still I have no return of this trouble.

I feel it was Cardui that cured me, and I recommend it as a splendid female tonic."

Don't allow yourself to become weak and run-down from womanly troubles. Take Cardui. It should surely help you, as it has so many thousands of other women in the past 40 years. Headache, backache, sideache, nervousness, sleeplessness, tired-out feeling, are all signs of womanly trouble. Other women get relief by taking Cardui. Why not you? All druggists.

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